

## Wichita Daily Eagle

## BATTLE WITH AN ELK.

A Hunter's Perilous Encounter with a Buck Which He Had Wounded.

Mr. D. C. Devereaux, a nimrod of the neighborhood of Boise City, Idaho, reports an exciting time with a wounded elk, while on a recent hunt along the Snake river. These noble creatures have grown exceedingly rare of late years, owing to the assiduity with which they have been hunted, and when seen at all in remote districts are so shy that it is with difficulty hunters obtain a shot at them. The party of which Mr. Devereaux was a member had contented themselves with smaller game, and it was with some surprise that they ran into a small herd of elk moving along Rock creek, a small tributary of the Snake. No opportunity was afforded for surrounding the animals, which is the only successful way of hunting them, but coming upon them suddenly, a wild scattering fire only served to disperse them, when they were off like the wind. Mr. Devereaux, who happened, however, to be some distance ahead of the others, managed to wound a buck, though without bringing him to the ground. The animal, apparently maddened with pain, plunged into the rock, and swimming it was seen on the other side and running as fast as the wind in his hind quarter would allow. The party, seeing it impossible to overtake the herd, set off in pursuit of the wounded elk, but by the time they succeeded in finding a ford and had crossed the creek the animal was out of sight, though his trail, which was marked by a stream of blood, was followed without difficulty. After a mile and a half of rapid riding indications unmistakable to a hunter's eye were noticed that told of the elk's exhaustion, and a short distance further on they caught sight of the laboring, suffering creature as he attempted to mount a small hillock some hundred yards away. Mr. Devereaux, claiming the elk as his game, rode forward at full speed, reaching the foot of the ridge just as the elk paused, exhausted, on the summit, when he fired. The animal staggered a little and then rolled over of sight over the sharp brow of the hillock, crashing through the undergrowth. Circumstances of the ridge, Mr. Devereaux rode to its foot, where he found the deer lying motionless, and thinking him dead, he dismounted and advanced toward him. But evidently only stunned, the elk rose like a flash and was in the act of bounding away when the hunter fired, wounding him in the breast by a glancing shot which laid bare the bone and seemed to distract the animal. He ran at his pursuer with lowered head, his great horns fixed like bayonets, and only to be avoided by Mr. Devereaux's hasty spring to one side. He fired several shots, each as was afterward ascertained, taking effect in the body, but without staying the elk, which again struck at its tormentor.

The situation was one of extreme peril, for an elk's horns are formidable weapons, and have been known to lay open a horse's side when the animal is at bay. Mr. Devereaux met the new stroke by a tremendous blow with his gun, which was now empty, but, though the weapon was broken into a dozen pieces, it evidently did not affect the furious animal, which returned to the attack at once, stamping and lunging forward with his horns. By this time the rest of the hunters had ridden up, and at every opportunity when it was thought safe to fire at the elk, without danger of hitting their companion, peppered the creature, which now fell on his knees, wounded to death. Seeing this, Mr. Devereaux sprang upon him from behind, and kept him from struggling to his feet, at the same time plunging his stout knife into his neck. He fell over with such force that it was all the hunter could do to escape having his right leg crushed beneath the great weight. The elk was found to be wounded in seventeen places.—Chicago Journal.

## BOWER BIRDS.

Miniature Palaces Constructed by Feathered Artisans.

There is a number of varieties of bower birds, differing from each other in small ways, but all alike in the main feature of building pleasure houses and grounds and decorating them with what they consider ornamental objects. Perhaps the most expert of these birders is the spotted collar bird of Australia, which is a beautiful bird with a collar of long feathers about its neck. The nest of the collar bird is a very ordinary affair, for this fine fellow keeps all his skill and ideas of beauty for the building of the bower where he and his friends may display themselves. This bower is built by first making a platform of woven twigs about three feet long and two feet wide. Along the sides of this platform are arranged long twigs held in place by being stuck in the earth and by stones laid against them. The twigs are curved inward to meet at the top, and other twigs are interwoven to give added strength and shelter from the rain. Besides this the interior of the bower is lined with tall, soft grass, so placed that the heads almost meet at the top. Stones of a large size keep the grasses in position, and care is taken that no spur of the twigs used shall turn inward and thus make it possible for a careless merry maker to injure his feathers. The birds now search the country for miles around for ornamental objects, selecting only such as are pure white or brilliantly colored. Shells, pebbles, feathers, agates, bleached bones, bits of glass, berries, and in fact anything bright and pretty are brought and placed about in an artistic manner.

Pathways are marked out at each end of the bower by means of pebbles, while little hillocks are erected before each entrance. When all is completed a festive gathering is held. The males strut about and exhibit their fine feathers and graceful carriage, while the females look on in silent admiration. Then dancing begins, the males and females dancing singly and never in pairs.—Detroit Free Press.

Don't Be Afraid of Fresh Air.

Physicians say that consumption, the most fatal of American diseases, is due to impure air, and more than one consumptive has been cured by active outdoor exercise. Nervous exhaustion, no common to mentally overworked men and women, has also been relieved, and, in many instances, cured by fresh air and plenty of exercise.—New York Journal.

## Wichita Wholesale &amp; Manufacturing Houses.

The houses given below are representative ones in their line, and thoroughly reliable. They are furnished thus for ready reference for the South generally, as well as for city and suburban buyers. Dealers and inquirers should correspond direct with names given.

## The Stewart Iron Works,

MANUFACTURERS OF

## IRON FENCING,

Architectural, Wrought and Cast Iron Work for Buildings.

Factory: South Washington Avenue, Wichita, Kansas.

## F. P. MARTIN,

Wholesale and Retail

Artists Materials, Pictures, Frames, Mountings, Picture Glass, Etc., Etc.

First quality French China for decoration. Everything in the line of Artists Materials at the lowest prices. Mail Orders promptly attended to. Telephone 28.

114 NORTH MARKET ST.

## SWAB &amp; GLOSSER,

And Jobbers of Woolens and Tailors Trimmings.

## TAILORS

445 N. Main Street, - Wichita.

## L. M. COX,

Manufacturing Confectioner

And Jobber in Figs, Dates, Cigars, Foreign and Domestic Nuts, Cider, Paper Bags, Paper Boxes, Candy Jars, Trays, Etc.

15 and 217 South Main St., - Wichita, Kansas.

## THE C. E. POTTS DRUG CO.

(Formerly Charles E. Potts & Co., Cincinnati, O.)

## WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.

Goods Sold at St. Louis and Kansas City Prices.

233 and 235 South Main Street, - Wichita, Kansas.

## LEWIS B. SOLOMON

Wholesale Cigars,

BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, WICHITA, KANSAS.

Carrying brands of 2 cent cigars, are in Maria De Meir, La Flor De St. Louis, La Perfecta, Key Stone, King of Hearts, etc., etc., etc. Merchants sending in orders will receive prompt attention, all goods guaranteed. We also carry a full line of key West Imported and Domestic Cigars.

## THE WICHITA OVERALL AND SHIRT MANUFACTURING CO.

MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS OF

Overalls, Jeans, Cassimere and Cottonade Pants; Duck Lined Coats and Vests; Fancy Flannel and Cotton Overshirts; Canton Flannel Undershirts, Drawers, Etc.

Factory and Salesroom 139 N. Topeka, Wichita. Correspondence Solicited

## HOW COCONUTS GROW.

THEY ARE PLANTED IN HOLES AND BEAR IN FIVE YEARS.

A Tree That Requires but Little Care and Which Lives and Produces Fruit for More Than Fifty Years—Familiarity of the Fruit and Its Culture.

Although the true and original home of the coconut is India and the South Sea Islands, it has become so widely diffused by the hands of man and the waves of the ocean that it is now a prominent feature in almost every tropical portion of the globe, covering between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 acres with its beautiful palms, and numbering 250,000,000 trees, yielding annually 10,000,000,000 of coconuts.

A recent approximate estimate of the area cultivated with the coconut palm gave the following result: British India, 2,000,000; Ceylon, 300,000; Eastern Archipelago and colonies, 350,000; Java and Sumatra, 200,000; Mauritius, Madagascar, Seychelles and African coast, 100,000; Pacific islands, including Fiji, New Caledonia, etc., 50,000; Siam and Cochinchina, 100,000; and West Indies, 35,000.

And when Florida shall add her 10,000 acres lying south of the twenty-second parallel of north latitude, capable of growing 1,000,000 trees, we may see at no distant day the North American continent dominating no mean share of commercial attention.

## COCONUTS IN FLORIDA.

For many years coconuts have grown on the coast of southern Florida, but owing to an extreme fondness for the green nuts manufactured by those engaged in sponge fishing along the coast, few nuts have been allowed to ripen, only sufficient to demonstrate that coconuts can be raised for several hundred miles along the coast of Florida, where the Gulf Stream flows so close to the shore. The coconut industry in that vicinity has received an impetus of late. Several northern capitalists have gone to Florida and embarked in this industry, seeing (like Colonel Sellers) millions in it. Within the past four years over 300,000 nuts were planted on the coast of Florida.

Such nuts are sown for planting in holes, where they are allowed to remain until the sprout shows itself through the husk. When planted in regular order holes about three feet deep and from fifteen to thirty feet apart are dug. In the hole the nut is placed with the eye covered with about one foot of soil. The hole is filled gradually as the sprout grows until it reaches the surface, when it is left to itself, requiring no further attention.

Should the place where the coconut is planted be any great distance from the sea, a quantity of salt is sometimes placed in the hole, and sometimes scraps of old iron, as, being strictly a salt water loving tree, it will thrive but a short distance from the seashore, nearness to salt water being absolutely essential to its welfare. In fact, it is said no magnet is truer to the pole than is the roots of the coconut tree to the ocean; for when the root breaks through the husk it points directly toward the sea, no matter in what position the nut is placed in the ground.

True to the sprout.

Boring its way downward the root first encounters deep and firmly in the ground that no tornado, no matter how severe, has

ever been known to wrench it from its moorings, but the hurricanes so frequent in the tropics will often twist the trunk and carry the broken portions a long distance, thus ending that coconut palm, as it will not sprout a second time.

Could you examine a coconut when in the process of sprouting you will find directly beneath the sprouting eye a small, white, mushroom shaped kernel, and in this little gem lies the life of the future tree. Shut up in its prisonlike shell, and the shell surrounded by many inches thick of tough and tangled fiber, how is it to work its way out and perform the duty assigned to it? For it is apparently soft and tender as a baby's hand.

Soon its tiny fingers begin boring their way out of the weakest eye; then, rending the tough woody fiber right and left, it forces itself to the surface and commences the campaign of life, sending its shoot upward to form the tree and downward to form the roots, still clinging to its parent for support, until the entire inside of its shell is filled with a round, half-like substance that is formed by the congealed milk of the coconut.

From it the roots fast forming receive their staff of life until the mother coke becomes exhausted and having fulfilled her mission, is deserted by her offspring and left a useless mass of fiber.

## THE MATCHED TREE.

On goes the tree, sending deep into the ground its roots and high into the air its trunk until after a lapse of from five to eight years it has attained a height of from forty to sixty feet, and then pays tribute to mother earth by bearing its first fruit, and under favorable circumstances, continuing to yield for more than half a century, giving its owner from 100 to 200 marketable nuts a year.

Through the center of the trunk of the coconut tree is a soft, fibrous heart which furnishes the life of the tree and acts as a great pump in forcing to the nuts the immense quantity of water required to fill them. This fibrous heart has a wonderful filtering power, for no matter in what location the tree may be growing, either upon the beach or in the malarial swamps near the pools of stagnant water, when nature has done her work she deposits in the coconut a sparkling liquid as clear as crystal and as cool as if drawn from the deepest well in our northern yards. Having no particular season for fruiting, but bearing all the year round, blossoms, ripe and green fruit may be found on the same tree.

The blossom of the coconut is a most beautiful and peculiar work of nature's art. Appearing at the base of the long, ragged leaves is a roundish sheath, green in color and standing erect until its own weight causes it to bend downward, where it hangs until the seams it incloses, which are to bear and sustain the nuts, are sufficiently matured to proceed on their journey without protection. When this outer covering splits open it reveals a cluster of ragged stems, upon each of which you will find miniature coconuts, requiring about fourteen months to ripen.—Merchants' Review.

## How the Bound Was Seared.

An aged Lehigh valley woodsman, Amos Metz, says that during the winter of 1890-1 he lived alone, save for his bound, in a small cabin on what is now the Drinker trapline, Pa. between Moscow and Tobyhanna Mills. Amos often boasted that Zeke, the bound, was the best hunter in the country.

One night, an hour or two after I'd gone to bed, I was waked by Zeke's yelling. He was putting in at a good rate, and I jumped up to see what was the matter.

It was bright moonlight, and I soon made out that two wolves were chasing the

## W. T. BISHOP &amp; SONS,

Headquarters for all grades of

## CIGARS

Southwest Cor. Main and First St. Wichita.

## WHOLESALE BOOTS AND SHOES.

THE GETTO-MCLUNG BOOT AND SHOE CO.,

135 and 137 N. Market Street, Wichita, Kansas.

Are now in receipt of large consignments of Goods for the Spring Trade, to which they invite the attention of merchants. Orders by mail carefully filled. Send for price lists.

## THE JOHNSTON &amp; LARIMER DRY GOODS CO.,

WHOLESALE

Dry : Goods, : Notions : and : Furnishing : Goods.

Complete Stock in all Departments.

119, 121 & 123 N. Topeka Ave. - - - - - Wichita, Kansas.

## CORNER : &amp; : FARNUM.

## ROYAL SPICE MILLS, SPRAY YEAST.

A new process dry compressed yeast cake. Quick, strong and sweet. All ways in the house ready for use, and will keep a year. Price 5c a package. Factory Cor. Kellogg & Mosley Ave.

## THOMAS SHAW

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

## Pianos and Organs

Sheet music and books. All kinds of music. Grand and upright pianos. 125 Main Street, Wichita, Kansas.

## E. VAIL &amp; CO.,

WHOLESALE

## WATCHES, JEWELRY,

CLOCKS AND SILVERWEAR.

106 E. Douglas Ave., - Wichita.

## WICHITA BOTTLING WORKS.

OTTO ZIMMERMANN, Prop.

Bottlers of Ginger Ale, Champagne Cider, Soda Water, Standard Nerve Food, also General Western Agents for Wm. J. Lemps Extra Pale.

Cor. First and Waco Sts., - Wichita.

## Arkansas Valley Fence Company

Manufacturers of

Steel Wire and Picket Fence.

Dealers in Hardware, Lumber, Implements or General Millwork. Write for agency and prices. 109 Wichita St., Wichita, Kas.

## LEHMANN-HIGGINSON GROCER CO.,

203 AND 205 N. WATER STREET.

## Wholesale Grocers,

Sole Agents for the Celebrated Jersey Coffee, the best package coffee in the market.

## THE LAND OF LONG AGO.

It was Homer that land where our mother's hand.

Her little ones' curls caressed; There we smiled and wept, and as sweetly slept.

As baby birds in their nest. Now a sigh ascends for the dear old friends; We can never hope to know Any hearts so kind as those left behind In the Land of Long Ago!

Then what bright romance was that first glad glance?

Into Love's enchanting book; And what thrilling bliss, when the first fond kiss

From our darling's lips we took. We may woo and wed; but till life hath fled We shall yearn and sigh also. For the angel fair whom we worshipped there, In the Land of Long Ago.

Though our dreams are gone, yet we still plot

A weary with pilgrimage; Let us do the right, and with evil fight, Till we reach life's resting stage. Then shall friends who weep o'er our dream-land sleep

In the churchyard lay us low: When the night is o'er we may wake once more In the Land of Long Ago.

—George Hill in Sunday Magazine.

## The Mosquito Troubled Him.

"Oui," said the Marquis de Vin, selecting a cigarette from his case. "Oui, rat mon was a very brave man."

Archibald O'Rafferty looked pleased, and the marquis continued:

"Ze story, eet make me tink or something I was a weatman to in Russia. A criminal had been sentenced to die on a cross, to be—what you call him—ah, yes, crucified. It was a queer way in that part of ze world. It is very queer still as Russia that I speak. Five other criminals, who had been tried a long time, were to die, and they did so, but with much crying and screaming, which made the crowd laugh very much."

"But this criminal of which I speak to you did not cry out, not even when one of ze spikes broke after piercing his right hand, and they had to drive in another. And when they spiked his feet to the pole he never made so much as one groan. And when they let go of him and his whole weight was suspended from the spikes in his hands he kept as still as never. His eyes were closed, and at last we began to think that he was dead, when he opened his eyes, and when they fell on me he said:

"Monsieur, will you please do me one favor?"

"Certainly," I cried, "with pleasure. What can I do?"

"Just kill that mosquito on my foot. He is bothering the life out of me."—Chicago Post.

## Kings Who Buy French.

The prince of Baroda (Hindostan) a few months ago astonished the British residents by paying a barrel of rupees for a twelve fingered man, but up to the middle of the eighteenth century no European potentate thought his household complete without a full assortment of freaks, as our dime museum managers would call them. Besides a dozen dwarfs and giants, the Emperor Maximilian I of Austria kept for purely ornamental purposes a fellow with a beard five feet long, and bushy enough to cover him like a shawl if he wrapped it around his waist.

The father of Frederick the Great had 190 giants on his pay roll, most of them too heavy for his cavalry and too tall for the doors of an ordinary guard house. They cost him from \$2,000 to \$7,000 apiece, but King Stanislaus Leszczinski of Poland paid a still larger sum for the French dwarf Bebe, a wrinkled faced biped twenty inches long, and if we may believe the chronicles of that time, weighing less than ten pounds.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## Woman's Way.

"Good morning, doctor."

"Hello, Satterlee, you look worried. What's the matter?"

"Oh, my daughter's just home from college, and—"

"Ah, these colleges! They're playing the deuce with our girls. What is it, overwork, eyes used up? Hope 'tain't spinal curv?"

"No, no, doc; nothing of the kind. But here she's only seventeen years old and she's got—views!"—Harper's Bazar.

## To Mighty Hunter Abroad.

City Sportsman—Boy, is there a hotel near here?

"Mountain Boy—Never heard of one."

"What is that curling smoke by the edge of the forest?"

"That's a hunter's camp."

"Good. I can go there and get a game supper."

"Guess not. Them's city sportsmen. They never hunt, but they can corn beef and crackers.—Good News.

## Heredit.

"I don't believe so much in heredity," said the psychologist. "Now, there's X—, the lawyer, look at his son. One of them became a professional musician, another a school teacher, principal of some academy; a third is a successful steamship captain, a fourth is an editor, and the fifth—the fifth is further away than any of the others. He is nothing but a plain and simple 'Stud.'"—New York Tribune.

About 6,000 persons commit suicide in Europe every year, whose deaths are organized as such, while at least twice as many commit suicide whose fate is never judicially recorded. The yearly list of European suicides includes 2,000 boys and girls. Alcoholism is the chief cause of self murder in the north of Europe.

Each separate unit of our helpless race is inexorably bounded by the inner surface of his own mental periphery, a jointless armor in which there is no weak place, never a fault, never a single gap of access for ourselves, of ingress for the nearest and dearest of our fellow units.

Professor William Blackie, of Edinburgh, is one of the greatest living authorities upon Germany, its government, the characteristics of the people, etc., and this knowledge has procured for him the nickname of "German" Blackie among his students at the university.

An instrument called the hamatometer, based on centrifugal action, has been invented for determining the volume of corpuscles in blood.

## How Some Authors Prepare Copy.

The best authors send out the children of their brain in a fine linen, like the king's daughter. Edith Thomas writes each of her dainty sonnets in a clear, beautiful hand, in the middle of a sheet of heavy cream white paper. Andrew Lang's hand is as pleasing as his verse—the hand of a gentleman and scholar. Twenty years ago H. H. Stoddard, the poet, wrote the prettiest and daintiest of hands, and even long days and nights of labor at The Mail and Express desk, though his handwriting has grown more illegible with age and falling strength, have not robbed it of all charm. Sarah Orne Jewett, a most conscientious literary worker, who seldom uses the typewriter, writes her delightful stories of New England life in a clear, round hand upon lightweight but strong paper of small note paper size. She selects this small size purposefully, so that if there are any mistakes to be corrected or interpolations necessary she can recopy the sheet, and throw away the original without sacrificing too much writing.—Emily A. Thackeray.

## Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

## BEECHAM'S PILLS

NOT LIKE MAGGIO

ON A WEAK STOMACH.

25 Cents a Box.

OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

## FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

"Pictures are now frequently hung with ribbons of a color harmonizing with the decorative motive of the room."

"Mildewed linens may be restored by soaking the spots and while wet covering them with powdered chalk."

"The sauce par excellence for broiled mushrooms, ketchup, and the garnish crisp lettuce, watercress or endive."

"For roasted potatoes, take either small potatoes, raw, of an even size, and peel them; or scoop little balls out of large potatoes, with the help of a potato cutter."

"The water drained from macaroni, cabbage or any vegetable, simmered with the bones from roast beef, a little boiled rice, a bit of onion, and thickening of flour, makes a good, palatable soup."

"All woolen goods dye well. Silk, while it never looks quite as well as when new, can be very nicely colored so as to answer many purposes. Irish poplins color well, but usually shrink considerably."

"Fruit Cakes: One pound of sugar, one pound of butter, one pound of flour, ten eggs, two pounds of raisins, one pound of currants, one-fourth pound of citron, mace, cloves, nutmegs, level tea spoonful of salt. Bake one and one-half hours.—Housekeeper."

"Loaf Cake: Five cupfuls of light dough, four and a half cupfuls of sugar, two and a half cupfuls of butter and four eggs. Cream the butter and sugar together and add the eggs, then mix with the dough; add any kind of spices and fruits to taste; put in a mold and set to rise for a short time and then bake like bread.—Boston Budget."

"Pea Soup: Take one pint of peas with the water boiled in, and a dessert spoonful of butter, a little thickening of flour mixed smooth in half a cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, a salt spoonful of pepper and half a teaspoonful of salt; boil ten minutes after adding thickening, serve with toast.—Boston Herald."

"For asparagus and eggs heat five eggs, yolks and whites separately to a froth, season with salt, pepper and butter, stir them together, add three tablespoonfuls of cream and pour over bits of boiled asparagus; cut half an inch long, then put the dish in the oven until the eggs are cooked.—N. Y. World."

"Custard Cake: Two eggs, one cup of sugar, one-quarter cup of water, one cup of flour, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. For the custard, boil until as thick as jelly: One-half cup of sugar, three-fourths of a cup of milk, one tablespoonful of cornstarch, one piece of butter, and a hickory nut. Flavor with lemon or vanilla. Spread this between the layers when they are done.—Detroit Free Press."

"How to Preserve Plums: Select large, barely ripe greenish plums. With a sharp knife pare them carefully, taking off nothing but the skin. Drop them in cold water as they are pared. Weigh them, and allow pound for pound of white sugar. Put the sugar in a preserving kettle with a little water, and let it cook to a syrup. While it is simmering drop in the plums and let them cook until they are clear and tender. Remove them to the jars in which they are to be kept, and boil the syrup down until it is as thick as you want it. Pour it over the plums and seal them up.—Ladies' Home Journal."

## ARE YOU TROUBLED

With an old sore, ulcer, or gun shot wound that refuses to heal?

For Five years

I had a sore leg, which would yield to no treatment—until I took two bottles of S. S. S., which promptly cured it, and there has been no sign of return; this was in 1885.

E. B. BOWEN, NEWTON, N. C.

self, S. S. S., has cured many such cases after every other remedy had failed.